

Old

Malayalam

Film Songs'

English Annotations



VED from VICTORIA INSTITUTIONS

It is foretold! The torrential flow of inexorable destiny!

0. Intro

അവതാരിക

1. Gandharvanagarangal

ഗന്ധർവ്വനഗരങ്ങൾ

2. Arayilottamundudutha penne

അരയിലൊറ്റമുണ്ടുടുത്തപെണ്ണ

3. Chakravarthini

ചക്രവർത്തിനി

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അനുപമേ അഴകേ

5. Rajashilpi

രാജശിൽപി നീയെന്നിക്കൊരു

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പെണ്ണാളേ, പെണ്ണാളേ

8. Vennatholkkumudalode

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തമ്പ്രാൻതൊടുത്തത് മലരമ്പ്



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ഉണരുവേഗം നീ

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നീലപൊന്മാനെ, എന്റെ നീലപൊന്മാനെ

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തൃക്കാക്കരൈപ്പുപോരാഞ്ഞ്

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30. Feudal languages

31. ദക്ഷിണേഷ്യൻ ഫ്യൂഡൽഭാഷകൾ



Old Malayalam film songs are wonderful. Most of them lend a most mesmerising sensation to the hearer. The style and tone has been set and led by Vayalar Ramavarma. Such others as P Bhaskaran, Sreekumaran Thampi, and others have more or less tried to equal him in calibre.

However, with the demise of Vayalar, there was no compelling standards or parameters to which film songs could remain loyal to. Standards deteriorated. There were attempts to cover the defects with loud music, and boisterous sounds.

Now, what is so great about these old songs? They convey a most elevated feel to the human psyche. In feudal Malayalam, everything has to remain in various social and mental levels. Starting from that of extreme lowliness to the heights of divine attainments. These songs generally lend a very ennobled aura to the human beings.

There is the *chakravartinis*
(ചക്രവർത്തിനികളും), *salabanjigas*



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(സാലഭൻജികകളും), *rajashilpis*
 (രാജശിൽപികളും), *ajantha* *shilpams*
 (അജന്താശിൽപങ്ങളും), *anthapurams*
 (അന്തപ്പുരങ്ങളും), *agraharams*
 (അഗ്രഹാരങ്ങളും), *rathisukasares*
 (രതിസുഖസാരേകളും), *mayalokams*
 (മായാലോകങ്ങളും), *manoharinis*
 (മനോഹരിണികളും), *anuraghapaurnamis*
 (അനുരാഗപൗർണ്ണമികളും) and much else.

Then there are the *thenivarikkakaad*
 (തേൻവരിക്കക്കാട്), and such other exotic
 sounding places.

However, the reality of Kerala life is much more
 mundane. It has no connection with the sweet
 dreamlike world depicted in the songs, which
 more or less make use of Sanskrit words and
 usages in gay abandon. The reality of
 communication in Kerala is rough, and tough,
 and possibly uncouth to those one does not
 respect or revere. Here everything comes with a
 string of enforced servility versus pejorative



codes

(ബഹുമാനിക്കൽ-അല്ലെങ്കിൽ-

തരംതാഴ്ത്തൽ കോഡുകൾ) connected to financial and social status; and also to age (currently).

Beyond that, the modern language of Malayalam is only a rampant expansion of the colloquial lingua franca of South Central Travancore, which may have been systematised by the Christian Missionaries of the London Missionary Society, when they converted a lot of lower caste communities into Christians.

The language of Malabar, which was also called Malayalam, literally was wiped out in the last 30 and odd years. This language also did show extreme potentialities to bring out fascinating literary creations. However modern generations of Malabar wouldn't understand this language, which if they hear, they would literally laugh at.

Malayalam songs can seem to be more beautiful than most English songs, for they



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visualise a world that is not in existence, and cannot be conceived in English. And doesn't exist in India. Feudal languages generally have this quality of being extremely beautiful. Even French songs used to be mentioned as beautiful even by Englishmen, who traditionally did view many French items with disdain.

I wrote these annotations of Old Malayalam Filmsongs many years ago, with no specific aim in mind.

I had also posted some of these annotations in the Comment box under the relevant videos in Youtube. However, some of them were almost immediately removed by the account owners in the YouTube.

It may be noted that what I have written is more or less annotations of the song lines or verses. However, due to my limited knowledge of Sanskrit words and usage, and also of the literary side of Malayalam, this annotation may not be of resounding quality and correctness from Sanskrit and Malayalam perspective.



However, I have made an attempt to capture the general mood and pulse of the songs in English words. I am more or less satisfied with what I have done with regard to some of the songs. In the case of others, I feel that I could have done better. Maybe I would do some rewriting of them later.



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1. Gandharvanagarangal
alangarikkaanpokum....

ഗന്ധർവ്വനഗരങ്ങൾ അലങ്കിരിക്കാൻപോകും



The total theme of the song is a very simple one, indeed. Yet, as Jayabharathi dances out her aching, worshipful, erotic yearnings, under the sparkling, beaded night-skies, the verse moves beyond the ambit of common earthly locations. The studded ethereal spheres of gandarvas and apsaras (ഗന്ധർവ്വനഗരങ്ങൾ), and their golden townships, that line the sides of the pulsating Aakashaganga ആകാശഗംഗ (the streaming MilkyWay), unwrap themselves from their shrouded celestial concealments. In ringing words, loaded with powerful timbre, pitch



and tone.

Her appeal is to Indukala, the enigmatic shadowy, and yet, golden moon; the voyager of the mysterious celestial expanses. As she winds around, decorating and lending adornment to dazzling *Gandharva* hamlets, on her waysides, on the banks of *Rasakreedasaras* (രാസക്രീഡാ സരസ്സിനരികിൽ), the water-spot of fabulous erotic supernatural mating, a solitary hermitage would she come across. There, in the darkened woods lining the valleys of *Ramagiri* (രാമഗിരിയുടെ മടിയിൽ), would she spy her gorgeous lover, as handsome as the *Yaksha* in *Kalidasa* stories.

Into that blossoming, fragrant heart, in that foliage-chalet, by the waterfronts of that blue-hued stream (നീലനദിയുടെ കരയിൽ), you need to go. And my message of love, adoration, worship and passionate yearnings, should you give.

Sitting in bashful coyness, in her own lonely



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hamlet by the sides of some remote tea plantation, under the lazy gaze of the omniscient moon, sensing the electric pulses of the enwrapping night air, Jayabharathi dances out her sensual desires for her lover. There is **uncontrollable unbridling** of erotic bustle in her swaying and arching moves. The hugging magnetism in her lovely, twining figure is undeniable; as she dances under the twinkling canopy, all aglow with the fluffy halo of the silvery moonlight. There are promises in her swinging curves. And in her suggestive postures and hidden fissures.

She has done a wonderful job. For, her lover does get to feel the whispery undertones of her soft sensual cravings. From far beyond the reaches of the darkened valleys and the towering slopes.



2. Arayilotta Mundudutha Penne

അരയിലൊറ്റ മുണ്ടുടുത്ത പെണ്ണ



Is the song alluding to the Sun on its glorious journey seeking the golden Sunset at the far ends of the day? It would be a mighty foolish conclusion, to feel thus.

It is the lightly clad maiden, with the dangling earrings, that is the subject; there is no doubt of it, at all. She comes with the same promises of rejoicing as that intimated by the Aadimasa Sun; whispers of both rejoicing and also of ominous portends.

As she makes haste to get away, there is question of where she hurrying from; from the



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vicinity of the golden dawn or from the golden house of the Almighty? Or has she come out from the courtyard of the stilly, luminescent crescent moon?

Whereof is she hurrying to? Is it to her sunset, in the dark harbours of life? Is she taking herself to the sacrificial altars, where the fiendish monsters await, in a mood of supreme repose; and to saunter into the dark, watery horizons?

The mood is pensive and the music brooding. Vayalar and G Devarajan in perfect alignment! As always!!

Lyricist: Vayalar Ramavarma

Musician: Devarajan

Actors: Prem Nazir, Adoor Bhasi,

Film Production: Excel Productions

Director: Thoppil Bhasi

Year: 1972



3. Chakravarthini Ninakku Njanente

ചക്രവർത്തിനി നിനക്കുതൊന്നെൻ്റെ



The mood is electric; it is an invocation to his queen-the queen of his hearts! He waits in his turnery, for her to enter on her naked feet and lend the benediction.

Salabanjighas (സാലഭഞ്ജികൾ), the sculpted devadasis, would receive you with flowers in their hands. In the hallowed panchaloha campanile corridors, earthen lamps would bloom. Heavenly maidens with alluring thirst in their eyes would swarm around; and rudra veenas (രൂദ്രവീണ) will hum on their own!!

In the whispery moonlit moments, gorgeous



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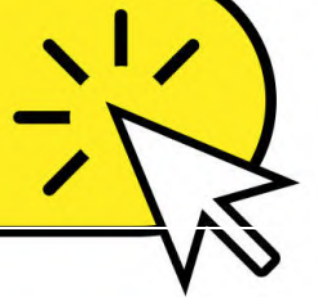


marble damsels would clothe your steps with pearls; lustful wanton lasses would incline you to be my spiritual mate. In the attic bed, I would cover you with blushes.

The tune is definitely that of a prayer; as one would pray to ones goddess. The song is also that of worship for the deity, the female goddess who should come to lend him the divine fulfilment. Words loaded with scholarship that sways to the perfect rhyme of ethereal music. Vayalar and Devarajan!!!



CLICK HERE



4. Anupame Azhake അനുപമേ അഴകേ!



Lyrics-Vayalar

Music -Devarajan

Film Direction - K.S Sethumadhavan

Scintillating allusions to sexual yearnings abound. Sensual beauty in its fathomless form; as in the Ajantha sculptures (അജന്താശില്പങ്ങൾ) to fill (അലകരിക്കൂ) his night with revelry & dazzling dance; with her ageless beauty and grace. And her supernatural loveliness (സ്വർഗ്ഗലാവണ്യമേ) to pave his path with passionate flowers.

It is not only Vayalar and Devarajan in their peak form, but also Prem Nazir. Sheela also



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postures the erotic appeal of the fabled sculptures of Ajantha in a most enticing perfection.

How is Prem Nazir able to encase so much beauty into so casual a theme as ordinary romantic love, clad only as he is in an ordinary mundu and shirt!!!



5. Raajashilpineeyenikkoru രാജശില്പി
നീയെന്നിക്കൊരു പുജാവിഗ്രഹത്തരുമോ..



It is the yearning for an idol for worship; for her
to drape in offerings of flowers
പുഷ്പാഞ്ജലിയിൽ പൊതിയാൻ). She
would decorate the body with sacred passions;
in its heart, sweet elixirs of longings will be
poured (അമൃത് നിവേദിക്കും).

In the hallowed secrecy of the soundless nights,
she would (രജനികുശതോരും രഹസ്യമായി)
come with her offerings, for her daily bliss of
passionate ritualistic mating. She would fill in his
fragrant bowls with fresher offerings.

In those feverish moments, she would forget



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everything, and spread out into a heavenly world (മായാലോകത്തിലെത്തും).

Vayalar has fantastically carved in superb words, the secret world of female fantasy, as it moves in close conjunction with cravings for one's own lover. The music has a mellowed quality, as it moves in the background in slow cadence, in careful rhythm to the gentle theme. G Devarajan's music simply blends divinely with Vayalar's tender delineation!

Lyricist: Vayalar

Musician: Devarajan

Film: Panjavankadu

Producer: Excel Productions

Direction: Kunchako

Film: Panchavankaadu



6. Poonthennaruvee, Ponmudippuzha

പൂന്തേനരുവി, പൊന്മുടിപ്പുഴയുടെ അനുജത്തി..



Childhood memories stream through these lines, defining the sweet passions that loll all along in this song. The rolling mountain stream is the Poonthenaruvi പൂന്തേനരുവി, the sweet little sister of Ponmudipuzha പൊന്മുടിപ്പുഴ. It is about the long years of association; both are adolescents, sharing the same fondness, sensual inclinations and thirsts.

On the slopes of the same hillock, and in the same greenish shades ഒരു, they grew up; drifting around, robed in frock of silvery moonlit foliage texture; pinching flowers as they went



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along പൂക്കളിറുത്തുനടന്നു.

With blue-tinted dreamy eyes, ringing waists, and bashful stories on their lips, they lazed around in cosy companionship കഥകൾ പറഞ്ഞുമയങ്ങി. Oh, can such pulsating remembrances die; can tidal waters go still ഓളങ്ങൾനിലയ്ക്കുമോ?

The chiming tune that ring throughout the song is in perfect harmony with the pulse of youthful dreams. Sheela with her sheer mood of youthful abandonment, simply appeals to our innermost romantic feelings, and stirs some faraway mysterious figments in our mood.

Beyond all of them, what about the directors of these old movies, who with their slender gadgetry could pack up so much beauty into the miniscule scenery? Gay damsels in splendid rejoice, dancing in perfect rhythm to the rhyme of the gushing stream and its spraying waters. It is perfect visual celebration.

Lyricist: Vayalar Musician: Devarajan Film: Oru



Pennintekadha Director: K.S Sethumadhavan



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7. Pennale, pennale.... പെണ്ണാളെ, പെണ്ണാളെ



This is a song with a sobering depth embedded deep within. Actually, so many themes move in the background of this song. One is the forbidden infatuation or love between **Karuthamma** and **Pareekutty**. It is doomed to disastrous results, for it is a love that pierces through the walls of social corridors and could puncture it.

Then there is the fatal forced marriage of Karuthamma with a person who she detests, but that person himself is of **sterling** character. That is the real tragedy of the theme.



There is the pulsating music that rhymes the *swaying* mood and waves of the seas, which also stands there, unwavering in the background, with seeming nonchalance.

The song oscillates between the forebodings of the ill-fated romance, and between the rejoicing of the seafaring folks, as it the season of harvest in the high seas. There is sparkling fortunes awaiting them, in the swinging waves and the tugging depths.

There is the apprehension in the mind and the mood of the fisher-folks, as to what is the harvest that await them over there in the far horizons. Is it of the ordinary variety or something that brings them the riches? The eagles that flies in the heights **മാനത്ത് പറക്കണ ചെമ്പറുന്തേ!**, can it foresee the booty and the bounty that awaits them in the distances?

Well, these are all the very obvious themes in the song. Yet, there is another theme that is



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very powerfully encoded in this song that shall make this song, a song of superb scholarship. It is of the sublime link in the world of codes between the man and his woman. It is she who stands guard to his life, strength and potential and also as the wall of protection against ill-luck and misfortune.

As he goes forth into the seas, with nothing steady to hold on to, with swaying waters all around him, it is the fidelity of the wife that stands out to him as the only unwavering standard to hold on **അരയത്തി പെണ് തപസ്സിരുന്ന്**. It is non-tangible, yet it is there; powerful and dependable. Here, the fidelity need not just be loyalty in the sexual sense alone, but in so many other associations, that the Malayalam language enforces and calls for.

Many a seafarer has braved the thundering seas and come back alive; for his woman had stood by him. Yet, there were also the unfortunate beings who bore faith in those with



loose fidelity and flinching mental stamina. They never came back, taken away forever by the waves. കണവൻ അല്ലെലിക്കരകാണൂല!

This song has a link to the world of codes that govern human life and also the designs of our universe.

Persons who are interested in the theme of the secondary codes that lie behind our life and universe, read my book: Codes of reality! What is language?

The genius of Vayalar needs fathoming. Salil Choudary stands in close proximity. Sheela has acted superbly as Karuthamma. The film director is a man with an exquisite eye for detail.

But then, what about the **unmentioned photographer?**



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8. Venna tholkkum udalode

വെണ്ണതോൽക്കുമുടലോടെ..



Her tender form; so soft and mesmerising! As she opens in the encasing darkness, as a tuneful flower. There is temptation in the air, as she yields to her wild passions, and unwrap her attire in the flimsy cover of the see-through mist മഞ്ഞിൽമുങ്ങിയിറമാറും.

The wild appeal of the unopened sprouts, as if stirred by her lover. Intense longings and powerful cravings in their unbridling form.

Oh, the bubbling desires roused in the hugging cold മുടിവനകുളിരോടെ; cloaked in gentle



devotion for the lover; hasten to quench my yearnings and my thirsts!

A song, both tender as well as brazen. Sharp allusions to the delicious charm of the female body are **immodestly** spelt out, yet they rhyme well with the eager mood of the song.

As for visual appeal, the promises in the crevices, so evident, are easy and sweet on the eyes. There is a **whisper of the erotic** in the words, and also in the swaying heaviness of the female rear. Definitely pleasing and never vulgar!

One gets a glimpse of the fabled licentiousness in the genius of Vayalar in this song. Yet, so polite! Devarajan arranges the soft and measured tone of the ache in the desirous yearnings and hope!



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9. Nee madhu pakaru

നീ മധുപകരൂ, മലർചൊരിയൂ,



One of the great songs that prove that in the Age of Vayalar, all film songwriters came in close proximity to him; for otherwise, they had no place in the Malayalam films. In those misty early years, there was no compromise on quality.

It is a most romantic song, most befitting the scene:

Oh, ye, **adoring luminance**, pour out your honey and flowers on to me; Let not your affection go



awry, nor wither away; oh, you gleam of lovely light.

This sparkling romantic exchange; all bells and twinkle!! The playful nightingale has started കളിപറഞ്ഞിരിക്കും കിളിതുടങ്ങിയല്ലോ! its melody of adoration. The unfading season of affection has come visiting the souls.

In the skies, the stars are in rapt attention, lured, they are, by soft sensual stories മാനംകഥപറഞ്ഞു, താരം കേട്ടിരുന്ന ആകാശമണിയറയിൽ. Soundlessly, into your heart, as a trespasser have I sneaked in. Without anyone, neither the people, nor your senses, knowing, your feelings, have I captured.

It is a great song! And aptly acted out by Prem Nazir; the charm he radiates, the love, the affection, the sweet thrill of the solitary discourse; well, it is wonderful!! Sheela stands in wonderful synchronisation!!!



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The mood of mystic love, the confidence of doubtless affection, the possessiveness of perfect attachment, all ream out in the scene.

I have not given the literal meaning, but only the sense that possesses the mind as one hears the song.

Lyricist: P Bhaskaran

Musician: Usha Khanna

Film: Moodalmanju

Direction: Sudhin Menon



10. Thambran thoduthathu malarambu

തമ്പ്രാൻ തൊട്ടുത്തത്ത് മലരമ്പ്



The pounding pulse that sets aflame the mood of the girl, at the mere mention and sight of her youthful lover. It is mentioned that he is the elephant minder of the feudal lord's household.

The lassies are young, cute, green and juvenile, and off course, of impressionable age. The uncontrollable physical effect of adolescent infatuation in one is well paraphrased by the other.

The penance, the patience and the triumph of romantic dreams! There is catastrophic tumbling



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inside as the ringing chime is heard. Triggering uncontrollable blushing in her cheeks as he appears **പെണ്ണിന്റെ കവിളത്ത് തുടുതുടുപ്പ്**.

The flutter in the eyes! What could have stirred it? The desperation to partake in the merriment at the shrine, or the yearning to fuse with the god who crowds your mind?

This tender lassie! There is danger in hanging about unfettered **മദംപൊട്ടിനിന്നാൽ പറ്റൂല!**; the lord's elephant minder shall definitely catch and shackle her.

The scenery is picturesque. The mood is that of gaiety. There is bliss and colour. It is a wonderful song. There is a ringing tone in the music. Rhyming the brilliance of **glittering love** and flustering ardour!

The song is by Usuf Ali Kecheri. Music by Devarajan



11. Unaroovegam nee

ഉണരുവേഗം നീ, സുമറാണി



The mad yearning in the lover; the unspeakable sweetness in the passionate haunting; the melody that stirs the infatuated rapture in the honeyed flower; to possess and to be possessed!

The **arrival of spring!** the harping of the birds!!
the clipping beat of the streaming waters!!!

The butterfly has come dressed in yearnings
ആശകളുംചൂടി വരവായി! He, the bringer of
lovely feelings!!



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Bathed in mist, in the hazy dawn, with dreams in his eyes, has he come, to see you!! the bard who fills the jungles with his tunes **കാടാകെപാടും ഗായകൻ.**

I have not seen the film, so I can't speak from a background of the story. Yet, the scene is beautiful. Prem Nazir and Sheela in near perfection. Prem Nazir looks sweet, and Sheela is wonderful. The chemistry is deep, and infectious. The romantic ambience is different from modern film romances.

The shaded nature and the dense woods in the background also add to the effect. We are affected by the realism; and the **unspoken whispery obsessions** that are there-powerful and very magnetic.

The film is Moodal Manju

Lyrics : P Bhaskaran

Music : Usha Khanna

Singer : S Janaki



12. Neela ponmaane

നീലപൊന്മാനെ, എന്റെ നീലപൊന്മാനെ



A very beautiful song! The infatuations of the forest folk, is what it tells.

He enquires of the blue kingfisher, his own special kingfisher എന്റെ നീലപൊന്മാനെ, as to what its yearnings are. Is it the wrappings of the silvery sunlight, or of the greenish textures of the trees, that it longs for?

There is celebration and festivity in the shrines ഇന്ന് കാവിലെല്ലാം കാവടീ, and everywhere else. Oh, little bird! it is time to shape the bridal



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pearl lace. Oh, my mood! Intoxicate thyself with
honeyed thoughts!!! മനസ്സേ തേൻകുടിക്കൂ നീ!

There is rhyme, support, harmony as well as
reception in the lover's response. Would the
little bird lend me both the shiny robe as well as
the foliage-woven one?

It is time to go home, it is time to get back to the
nest; you tender little twitterer കൊച്ചുപീലി
പൂവാലി!. It is time to thread the tender green
garland. Oh, my thoughts! Souse thyself with
honey!!!

Their thoughts are in sync!

He sings: you cute little plumed person; dweller
in the delicious woodlands, where luscious trees
flower! I have heard your singing നിന്റെ പാട്ടു
ഞാൻകേട്ടു; oh my mind, be in tuneful rhyme.

The scene is beautiful, and the mood is that of
perfect romantic synchronisation. Vayalar is still
in his prime mood, and Salil Chowdary has also
shown his calibre.



However there is something more to be said about this scene. It depicts the adivasi people who live in the Wynad district (earlier forests). They do not really look like this. Exploited and starved and driven off their land, currently they look worse.

In fact, this film is like the Gandhi film by Richard Attenborough, wherein Gandhi is portrayed by an man of English nationality, half-English blood and perfect English demeanour, whereby Gandhi looks like an Englishman.

Film: Nelli Lyricist: Vayalar Music: Salil Chowdary Film director: Ramu Kariat Year: 1974



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13. Thrikkakhare Pooporaanju

തൃക്കാക്കര പുല്ലോരാഞ്ച്



I have not seen the film and thus do not know the context of the song. Yet, it is a most beautiful song.

The very **aaahah** that commences the song, hold us onto a dreamy faraway mystique mood. The voice is superb and in sharp resonance to the gay temper of the song.

It is an entreaty to the Southerly Wind **തെക്കൻകാറ്റേ!**, which has come to ThirumandarmKunnu **തിരുമാന്ധാംകുനിൽ,**



after a futile search for flowers in Thrikkakkare,
and in Thirunakkare.

May I see the insides of your cute tuneful flower
basket ഓമൽപൂപാലിക?

Oh, there is thali mulla താലിമൂല്ല്യ, and also
chen-thamara thalir! There is also parijatham,
adorned by the reddish hue chanden of the
golden dawn പ്രഭാതചന്ദന തിലകംചാർത്തിയ.

Then there is nishagandhi, which has
enthralled you, wild with shameless passion.
Then why this thulasipoo which has been
predestined as an offering?

Isn't there rajamalli, and also anuragha
mandhari? Moreover, there is the naithalambal,
decorated with flying sparks glowing in the
moonlight! There is also the vanajyothsna,
which has made you frantically passionate with
love. Then why this thulasipoo, which has
already been offered away?



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The lines are beautiful, and the native names of the flowers sweet and touching. The swinging tune of the music, and the swaying cadence of the words match each other. Devarajan in perfect pulse with Vayalar!

Film: Line Bus

Year: 1971

Lyricist: Vayalar

Musician: Devarajan



14. Omalalekandunjaan

ഓമലാളെകണ്ടുഞാൻ



The scene seems to depict the signalling of the lover to his beloved. The kindling hum and the bells, that beckons her. She is within earshot.

This is a song that rings reminiscences in me. For, the film came out when I was in my fifth class. The lines bring back memories of me walking through a particular lane in the night time, with the **canopy of the luminescent dark** sky encasing me. There was juvenile romance in my mood.



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The lines have a heady feel about them and there is a powerful feel of love in the air. Worshipful love in a most intoxicating form! As he sees his lover in the dark hours, with stars twinkling in the moonlit skies.

There is timid diffidence in her as she stirs out to his nearness. Rightful fear, overcome by tempting infatuation! There is intense mental wrenching. The struggle is obvious; deep intense arduous cravings tug her on.

In the far enticing heavens, the moon decorates the nuptial arena; the singing of the nightingale adds magic to the feelings. Thoughts are persuasive and eager; packed with **coy anticipations**.

She comes alone, brimming with unbridled fondness.

In a pose of artless acceptance!

Yet, she is the goddess of my prayers
ഞാൻതൊഴുന്ന കോവിലിലെ. The queen of



fulfilment of my sensual fantasies. The rhyme and song of my thoughts. I shall wed her in these blue tinted night hours. **താലിചാർത്തും ഞാനീ,... നീലരാവിൽ!**

The song is vibrant and gripping. It lingers on in one's romantic thoughts, and does go deep to touch deeper feelings, connected to faraway times. The tune is also of a most delightful tone.

Beyond that, the camera wipes out the lassies rounded features, stirring unchaste meditations in the viewer. An undertone of **shrouded promises** in the forbidden events! Even as the music tolls as in a wedding ceremony!!

Lyricist: Yousuf Ali Kechery

Music: Devarajan

Film: Sindooracheppu

Year: 1971



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15. Kannaa, Aaromalunni, Kanna

കണ്ണാ, ആരോമലുണ്ണി കണ്ണാ...



It is a very special scene, where romantic revelry gets entwined with spiritual aspirations. There is luscious prose and lovable poetry in the scenery. A most wonderful celebration for the eyes and the soul!

Vayalar's fabled control and command over words and phrases, as well as his deep knowledge in the complex themes of the **puranas**; are all visible here. It would be difficult to garner the core meaning of all the lines unless one has comparable information in Sanskrit language, (for ultimately it is Sanskrit



words that chime in Old Malayalam Film Songs); which I do not have.

The lover, Aromuluni is equated to Kannan, Lord Sri Krishna. Her entreaty is that He should adorn his angelic features with the kanakambara garland twined by her **ഞാൻകോർത്ത കനകാമ്പരമാല!**.

Who are you, young lass, who has come through the solitary pathways of the hamlets of Yamuna; through the glittering vrichichamaasa moonlit silvery gardens of Vrindavan! Seeking this Dwarakapuri; my abode, home to Sri Krishna!!!

I am your lassie, who came running in a million births hearing the call of your flute; to the Govedhakamani-bead-paved

ഗോമേദകണിമുത്തുകൾചിനിയ laps of Govardhana! Yes, I am your gopakanyaka, your grazing girl.



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You are my Radha, he rejoins, my lovely, gorgeous Radha! The Radha of Vrindavan who crazed me with spirituous passions.

My much-loved darling, could you decorate this gracious regal scene?

There is explosive bursting of mental revelry!!

Bearing the celestial golden hues!
വെൺമതികലയുടെ പൊന്നാഭരണം ചാർത്തി!

Displaying cupid's arrows മന്മദപുഷ്പശരങ്ങൾ
on the bosom!

You still appear for carousing in the nightly hours!

Those beautiful dark hours that drives me wild and eager!

എന്നെ മദാലസയാക്കുറുള്ള മനോഹരരാത്രി!

The rhyme of the gushing waters!
ജനലതരംഗതാളം!

The drumming din of the Yamuna!



The bustle of the bells, and the splendour of the peacock dance!

Oh, Kannaa! The lolling tune of your wild flute!
The hymn that made me a cosmic dancer!

Is there all this in your remembrances?

ഓർമ്മയുണ്ടോ!

The song is wonderful, and the scenery befitting. There is also an intense dazzle in the vibrant music. It is Devarajan rhyming with Vayalar, right through the core of the theme and also our senses!



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16. Seetha devi, swayamvaram cheythoru
സീതാദേവി, സ്വയംവരം ചെയ്തോരു



It is the ancient theme from the age of threatha
yuga ക്രതായുഗം; that of a solitary stone in the
wilds transforming itself into a graceful lass, by
a solitary touch by the hallowed toes of Sree
Rama, the young prince betrothed by Sita.

When pierced by your nails that day, did the
sculpture of this lovely damsel, shaped years
ago by some nameless artist ഏതോശിൽപി,
enliven itself or did it stir the silent yearnings in
you?

You are that figurine, and I, the sculptor. See



Oh, you poesy chipped in stone

കല്ലിൽകൊത്തിവച്ചുകവിതേ!, what is it that

caused the chiming of your golden bracelets?

Oh, you dazzler with blushing bosoms, what

has caused the kindling of your sensual textures

നിന്റെ മേലാസകലം തളിരിട്ടതെങ്ങിനെ?

Oh, you stunner, attired in petals have you

come! Would you not bathe me in passions

എന്നെ പുളകങ്ങൾ കൊണ്ടു

പുതപ്പിക്കുകില്ലയോ?

Oh, you bloom, pierced bare by cupid! Isnt your

gorgeous honeyed nectar, not for me?

The story that is alluded to from the Ramayana,

has some connection to a peculiar theme of

infidelity. In this film, also there is some level of

adultery or something similar in theme. I can't

remember.

Then the lines: When pierced by your nails that

day.....enliven itself: It may in a singular

manner allude to the theme of the film in which



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the female arrives with a terrible disease, which gets cured by touch of the doctor, the hero. This more or less gives her a new life.

The film is Vazhve Mayam വാഴ്വമായം. Its second part was Sharashshayya ശരശയ്യ.



17. Gopuramukalil ഗോപുരമുകളിൽ



I have not seen this film, but the lines drip with luscious yearnings, for the lover, who she has chanced to meet in the twilight hours of the electric dusk. It was the tipsy hour, when on the darkened tips of the castle towers, the golden moon has hued and slashed itself in the hallowed curve. In the temple grounds, the fig-tree vicinity stood bathed in the shaded moonlight.

Oh, my friend, on the pradhakshina way പ്രദക്ഷിണവഴിയിൽ, my divinity did appear; he came in person. Not one blessing did he lent,



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neither did he linger to speak

വരമൊന്നുംതന്നില്ല ഉരിയാടാൻനിന്നില്ല, yet,

with soundless words he did say something.

I gave him no flowers and none of my offerings,

neither did he take any. No naivedyam of

passions were offered നൈവേദ്യം

നൽകിയില്ല!. Only my filling eyes decorated the

divine form in sparkling colours.

The dark scenery, the bewitching passions that

stay etched in her soul and the eerie mood of

the setting day, all do lent a vibrant mood to the

song. P Bhaskaran in a wonderful mood of

creativity!



18. Rakuyilin Rajasadhassil

രാക്കുയിലിൻ രാജസദസ്സിൽ



There is a mesmerizing mood in the air. The dark shaded waters, the slow paced row-boat, and off course the **cherubic** features of Prem Nazir adding to its intensity. The effect is that of perfect intoxication, as one gets to feel the tingle and the unbelievable charm of fervent love, longing and of the missing.

Devine is the mood.

Revelry is there in nightingale’s hall of music; and there is the bittersweet tinkling tunes of yearnings in me **രാഗവേദനാമഞ്ചരി!**.



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There is stirrings in the silver-beaded waves
and unsteady bashfulness in the rapturous gale.

The glassy clear sandbanks
പഞ്ചാരമണൽക്കരയിൽ stand bathed in the

misty radiance of the twilight
പൗർണ്ണമിതൻപാലൊഴുകി. Sweetened

remembrances of you gushes in the pulsating
core of my heart.

In the fragrant pearly-beaded moonlight
മുത്തുമണിചന്ദ്രികയിൽ, why is there no

chiming of the dangling bells in your earrings?

In the hallowed world of the celestial melodies,
there is ecstatic spreading of the tunes of you!

The music is brimming with the soft pace of
unfettered feelings. The lines are wonderful.

The settings are in sync with the divine mood of
the theme.



19. Yerusalemile Swarga Dootha, Yeeshunadha
യെരൂശലേമിലെ സ്വർഗ്ഗദൂതാ, യേശുനാദാ



Oh, Ye Messiah of Jerusalem! Jesus, my Lord!
When, Oh when, will you come again in front of
my candle-lamp, Oh you son of God?

We have grazed the grasslands of Bethlehem;
our penance is done ബതലഹേമിലെ
പുൽത്തൊഴുത്തു ഞങ്ങൾ മേഞ്ഞുകഴിഞ്ഞു !

The assemblage of the poor, the despoiled, and
the oppressed! There is passionate eagerness
to go forth to welcome the arrival of their lord.



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Here it is not Judea! No Judas is here!! The wooden cross built on Golgotha is nowhere here.

Oh, You Messenger of God from Jerusalem, this is your kingdom; and yours alone!

The streets of Israel, we have draped; the pavements have been **decorated!!!**

Oh, with tender olive leaves in their hands, the enslaved, the powerless, the anguished and the tormented **അടമകളും ദുഃഖിതരും, പീഡിതരും!** have all stirred; with dreamy-eyes.

Here there is no Caesar, no Pontius Pilate; and no barbed headdress in the ravines of Calvary.

This is thy kingdom! Thine alone!! **നിന്റെ രാജ്യം, ഇതു നിന്റെ രാജ്യം!**

The theme of this song in a way reflects the spirited passion for social justice that rings in many of Vayalar's songs. In many ways, Jesus was a supreme reactor to the injustices in the social setup.



There is ever increasing relevance to the earthly embodiment of Jesus: he, the rebel who struck terror in Herod's Temple at Jerusalem; which had become the den of corruption and exploitation.

This is a forgotten theme in Christian theology. For, the nation is run by vile, self serving, corrupt, feudal officialdom. Where is this saviour? When shall he appear in our midst, to lash his whip at these freebooters of national wealth?



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20. Nithaya Vishudhayaam KanyaMariyame
നിത്യവിശുദ്ധയാം കന്യാമറിയമെ.... !



The entreaty is to Virgin Mary, the mother of Jesus. Let thy name be celebrated! As a benediction, let thy righteous love and affection reach us!

Through the green pastures, where the winds have been sown to reap the whirlwinds
കാറ്റുവിതച്ചുകൊടുക്കാറ്റുകൊയ്യുന്ന
മേച്ചിൽപുറങ്ങളിലൂടെ!, and the daylight is failing, helplessly seeking our shepherd, forlorn and weary, we, the grazing lambs, stand!



Powerless and grief-stricken, we stand, with
frenzied hopes, wearing our piercing headdress
and bearing our cross, knocking and calling on
the heavenly doorways promised to us!

Vayalar and Devarajan in perfect rhyme with the
divine mood and entreaty!



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21. Thankathalikayil Ponkalumayivanna
തങ്കത്തളികയിൽ പൊങ്കലുമായിവന്ന



Love urged on by rightful lust, on the verge of unbridling itself, with powerful temptations lending scope to imaginations; that is the theme that seems to move through the song. The focus is invariably on the waist and its whereabouts; of the lassie. The place has **mesmerising charm**.

As she stands with her dripping coverings, and busies herself with more plunges into the pond; Oh, to behold the scene; to imagine the crevices as the fissures of an half-opened flower! To rein in the **longings** of his fingers!!



As she bends, with her back to him, to sketch on the ground, again the lover's lustful feeling runs riot; as also his infatuation! It is love, passionate and lustful!!

Vayalar with his brilliant words, and G Devarajan with his divine tunes!!! Yet, the scene would have been much better had Prem Nazir been the actor. He remains the master depicter of passions, raw and lovely.



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22. Samayamam Radhathil Njan Thaniye

സമയാഠരഥത്തിൽ ഞാൻ തനിയേപോകുന്നു



This song is said to have been originally written by the German Missionary Volbrecht Nagel, who reached the coasts of Cannanore, in North Malabar in 1893. He later moved south and learned Malayalam. The song was first written in English and then translated into Malayalam.

The version shown here is an adaptation done by Vayalar and music done by Devarajan. The song is good, but it would be unwise to attribute the beauty to Vayalar. The film is Aranazhikaneram.



In the vehicle of time, I am on my journey to my lord's dwelling. It is a lonely trip for me, to reach back to my homeland. Brief is the time for this stint to end; a minor span of time, before I peel off my mortal cloths.

In the hazy hours of the night, in my God's hands do I sleep. Even in those sleepy hours, the wheels of my wagon still roll forward on to my goal.

In the early hours, I rise up still in my God's hands. In those wakening moments also, the dreams in me gush on to my destination
അപ്പോഴും എൻമനസ്സിന്റെ സ്വപ്നം
മുന്നോട്ടോടുന്നു.

To yield to the appeals of worldly pleasures, not apt is the time now ഈ പ്രപഞ്ചസുഖം തേടാൻ
ഇപ്പോഴല്ല സമയം! I need to reach my native lands, and to call upon Jesus, unbridle-able is the urgency, now in me.



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23. Pravachakannmare parayu

പ്രവചകന്മാരെ പറയൂ



Anubhavangal Palichhakai: Can one say that this was a wonderful movie? The answer would belie the sense of the word.

It was a theme of **horrible** dimensions. The portrayal was divine and also heartrending.

The very name of the film bespeaks the experience: **Withering endeavours**. Well, I am not sure if the translation is apt. One can also use such terms as **Cataclysmic Experiences**, The word **Futile** can also be used.



It is a pain that many extraordinary persons on grand ventures had experienced, the disloyalty of the follower / spouse / confident etc. Here it is the infidelity of the spouse.

Many grand personages have been saddled with undeserving consorts, who neither understand nor take pain to understand the grand schemes on which her husband is working on. The pain of betrayal by cheap confidants is great, and of catastrophic affect. The tragedy of illustrious persons being held hostage by extremely **commonplace** spouses!!!

The theme is of epic proportions and there are many insights to be garnered from the terrific scenes here.

For one thing, the emptiness of the grand illusion called the Universal Brotherhood of the Working Class; a more or less **unworkable** theme in a nation functioning on extreme feudal languages, wherein everyone stands out selfishly for himself and himself alone, crushing



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all others in the desperate scramble to arrive at the supreme heights of the feudal language usages.

The second item for notice is the terribleness faced by a husband who is actively involved in a fight against a powerful enemy, the police force, when he is told of the **possible infidelity** of his wife.

The sudden knowledge that one of his powerful props has fallen down. The desperation, the terror, the **pandemonium** in the mind, the absolute breakdown of carefully laid down plans, and the utter senseless of the whole happenings, wherein an irresponsible women is holding the string and **rattling it**.

The third theme is the horrifying breakdown of the innate instinct for survival; as evident when the protagonist hesitates and ponders over handing himself over to the police. A solitary moment of **pardonable** mental vulnerability!!



The fourth theme is the Police Station, the Indian Police Station, wherein the people of the subcontinent scarcely get a decent behaviour. Once inside the police hands, it is literally like being in the hands of primitive savages, who gnaw at the very basic nobility of the human soul.

The fifth theme is that of the scenes from old Ernakulam. Persons who know Ernakulam may be able to identify the places, and find some discrepancy in the distances featured.

Oh, Ye, Prophesiers, say, Is radiant hope far away! Is radiant daybreak far away!! Cataclysmic changes in the golden red soils of the early dawn ആദിയുഷസ്സിൽ ചുവന്നമണ്ണിൽനിന്നാ യുഗ സംഗമങ്ങൾ; the crashing of the towering pillars of faith, in the windstorm; powerless on the waysides, stands Godhood; **dharma needhees**, the supreme codes of righteousness, are in untroubled musings, in their hermitage.



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In the Bharatha battlefields, wherein the histories are to be rewritten, the dazzling war chariot led by the young cattle boy is falling apart, in the bloody soil. In this terrible Kurushethara land, Arjuna stands alone, **defenceless, without weapons!** On their pyres, the noble philosophies are kindling.

The scene is that of a man totally broken down; his mind in fire, and his goals in doubt. Vayalar's words are of resounding quality, and Devarajan's music is also above reproach. The dark scenery is in total sync with the tragic theme. The film director also deserves praise.



24. Ezhilampala poothu...

ഏഴിലംപാല പുത്തു...



May be it wouldn't be quite right to go in for a word-to-word translation from Malayalam to English. For the language structure is different. Beyond that there are ennobling codes in Malayalam that gives an extra celestial halo to revered entities. These codes are not there in English, with matching encoding.

However, let me try an annotation.

The first thing to do is get the sense of some words. For instance, the word 'ezhilampala'.



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This is a tree which has another name in Malayalam, ‘**yakshipala**’.

The word ‘yakshi’ and ‘pala’ have some other supernatural link. ‘yakshi’ is a sort of a **sorceress-vampire** mix. It is a female entity who comes in the eerie night-time hours, to bewitch and seduce any **unwary wayfarer** with her captivating physical charm and gorgeous erotic beauty. Her aim is to satiate her thirst for blood. Even though the word ‘yakshi’ is translated sometimes as ‘witch’ in English, ‘yakshi’ has no connection with witchcraft *per se*.

The flowers of the ‘**ezhilampala**’ tree are said to have a very sensually arousing fragrance. It is said that when this tree is in full bloom, ‘yakshis’ in their lustful mood get allured to it.

Whether this ‘yakshi’ is the same ‘yakshi’ who is worshipped as a female goodness, and supposed to be the consort of ‘**gandarva**’, I am not sure. For, ‘gandaravas’ are said to be connected to ‘apasaras’. Both of them



connected to **music**, and not to blood and gory.
Maybe there is a slight mix up.

However, the word 'ezhilampala' is used in this song, possibly in allusion to the **amorous** rousing fragrance of its flowers.

See the annotation (not word to word translation):

He: 'Ezhilampala' is in sparkling bloom! The clusters are in joyous celebration..... Over there on 'Vellimala', 'Velimala'!

She: The twosome cuckoo lovers, who come tweeting the 'elelam' tunes, have **uttered** their stirring 'kurava' call..... Over there on 'Vellimala', 'Velimala'!

He: In the golden sweetness of my moist dreams, '**parijatha**' flowers were swaying in glorious delight.

She: The hilly ribbons of my mind stood robed with the hallowed golden 'Asoka' flowers.



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He: Like a celestial lotus, you, my lovely partner, have tumbled upon me.

He: To merge with you, forever, has my heart yearned in **tender** worship.

She: In the silence of the lonely twilight hours, have I wept in **aching longing** for you.

He: In those tender hours, when hungering for your luscious nearness, as a tuneful poem have you, my lovely partner, come alongside me.



25. Swapnahaaramaninhethum....

സ്വപ്നഹാരമണിഞ്ഞത്തും...



This song is from the film Pickpocket, which I was made to understand was a mediocre film. I have not seen the film and I do not know the story.

The lyrics are by Pappanamkodu Lakshmanan. I do not know much about his writings. However, the lines in the song are superb for their poetic quality. In fact, the poem is simply a **string of poetic words**.

The quaint ambience of romantic love as acted out by Prem Nazir and Vidhubhala is most



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mesmerising. The scenic beauty of the surroundings is picturesque. The bristling breeze in the background is also a **charming celebration** for the eyes.

The words are loaded with the powerful three-dimensional depth of Sanskrit words (currently found abundantly in Malayalam texts)(both are **feudal** languages). It might not be easy to transfer the spacious substance and sense of these words into the planar word-codes of English. Each word in its rightful location does become a singular, stirring sensation inside the discerning mind.

Let me try to decipher the reverberating tone in the lines into English. The attempt is an annotation, and not a word-to-word translation:

1.

In the tuneful night-time hours
(കാവ്യയാമിനിയിൽ),

in the gushing flow of sweet showers of ardour,



is it the intoxicating silvery night-air (which unfolds the **sparkling strings** of twinkling dreams),

or is it the goddess of gentle love (who arranges the fragrant-bed),

or is it my lover (who is from the sides of the lovely Gangetic stream of hugging fondness)?

2.

Is it a shower of honeyed-yearnings,

or a sprinkle (in one's mind) of moist parijatha flowers,

or is it the hallowed music that stirs-up in the **aching din** of gentle mating,

or is it the tuneful tender songs on hungering-love (sung by divine damsels) (**ദേവകന്യകൾ പാടിയാടും പ്രേമകാകളിയോ**)?



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3.

Is it the draping gusto of the night-hours
(യാമങ്ങൾ പകരുന്നോരുമ്പാദമോ),

or is it the sheen of erotic arousal in the
feminine eye (പൂമിഴിയൽ തുടിക്കുന്ന
രതിഭാവമോ),

or is it the gripping mood of fulfilment in the
wedding hour,

or is it the oral melodies pouring out of dreams?

4.

Or is it the bustling pleated-tunes of **rapturous**
princesses in eager ecstasy?



CLICK HERE



27. Devikulam malayil ദേവികുളം മലയിൽ!



ചിത്രം: തേനരുവി (1973)

സംവിധാനം : കുഞ്ചാക്കോ

ഗാനരചന : വയലാർ

സംഗീതം : ജി ദേവരാജൻ

ആലാപനം : കെ ജെ യേശുദാസ് & പി മാധുരി

Again I need to write from a background of not knowing the story of the film. Yet, the song is simply wonderful, in the way it has been entwined with the **cherubic** looks of Prem Nazir and the sweet **graceful** figure of Vijayasree.



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She moves her divinely chiselled figure for her angelic figured lord of her heart to behold. The splendorous beauty of the surroundings, etched in greenery, blue slopes and the far reaches of the misty horizon, add to the terrific loveliness of the words ‘Devikulammala ദേവികുളംമല’, ‘Thenaruvikkara തേനരുവിക്കര’ and ‘Onnamkunnu ഒന്നാംകുന്ന്’ !

The soft breeze in the scene adds to the luxurious content in the words and the scene. Prem Nazir definitely has the physical charm to seduce the eager and keen lass, who darts around kindling unbridle-able aphrodisiac arousals in the beholder.

Vijayasree is seen rejoicing in the effusive liberty that seems to have dawned upon her, the slave-damsel of the wooded hills.

A feeling of unrestrained freedom is what she displays. She is shy, coy and also brazen in the way she flaunts her features in unspoken hints



to what has been placed in purposeful concealment. Her emancipator evidently is Prem Nazir. He has to unravel her in the many senses of the word.

The lines of the song if relocated into English in their bare verbal meanings might not convey the resounding beauty of the words. Yet, let me try to move them in their total 3-Dimensional content.

On DevikulamMala, which literally means the Mountaintop of the pool of the goddess; by the **shores of Theanaruvi**, which literally means by the banks of the stream of honey or nectar.

Literally, by the banks of the torrent of sweetened waters on the celestial pool of the goddess!

She rejoins with her words: Oh, Ye Silver-hued divinity of the unbidden, sweet-scented Thazhampoo (**പൂക്കൈപ്പൂവിനുള്ളിലെ വെള്ളിദേവാ!**).



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He continues: Oh, Kamadeva, (Eros / Cupid), Oh you, goddess of endearment, have you run out of your arrows?

(Incidentally Kamadeva has five arrows – those of allurement or enticement, commotion, set afire, aridity and that of devastation. I think here, Prem Nazir or rather Vayalar RamaVarma is alluding to the **arrow of allurement**. Moreover, it is seen mentioned elsewhere that his arrows have these flowers decked on them:

Aravinda (White Lotus വെള്ളത്താമര), Ashoka (അശോകം), Cuta (Mango Flower മാംപൂവ്), Navamalika (Jasmine മുല്ലപ്പൂവ്) and Nilotpala (Blue Lotus നീലോൽപ്പലം). I do not know what these flowers are supposed to do.)

She: In the tender soil-bed dug out by the rhythmic twirl of the whirling waters, had I planted my Kumkuma plant. Oh, You who hath pinched the first tendril off from this, I, who had



come for sowing in the lower slopes, to you am I
shacked in endearment.

His tuneful promise is that thence, 'You are
royalty, and not a bound-to-the-soil slave!'

She: Slicing the tender sprouts of soft rush
grass (അടപ്പുല്ല്), have I cut the straws one by
one (ഓരോ കുഴൽ വെട്ടി). Oh to you, who
have eagerly gulped down the honey, I had
offered, in the hollows of the bamboo-measure
vessel (തേൻ മുളനാഴി)- I, who had come to
hold oil wick-lamps for the deity on Onnam
Kunnu, am a bound-to-the-soil slave.

He reassures her: Nay, from now on, You are a
lady! And not a servant girl of the despotic
landlords.

I cannot say for sure if this is a song of pure
love or of love interspersed with mutual sensual
cravings and offerings. Or that of mere physical
seduction!



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Prem Nazir, though extruding effeminate charm, can definitely enthrall the lady with his sweet words and promises of **sweeter kisses!** Vijayasree does fold her rounded figure to spell out the hidden magic in the creases! Reminiscent of the marble figures of semi-clad Greek goddesses!

Beyond that, it may be mentioned that three geographical locations are seen mentioned in the song. Devikulam Mala, **Theanaruvikkara** and **Onnamkunnu**.

G. Devarajan's music is superb. The tune is fabulous. Both add to make this a great song for listening. The photography is also extremely nice.



CLICK HERE



27. Paamaram PaLunkukondu

പാമരം പളുങ്കുകൊണ്ട്



I think all the songs from Triveni were of fabulous beauty and splendour. Since I have not seen the film, nothing can be said about the background to these resounding song scenes.

There are so many items in this song that can be taken up for discreet appreciation. Both Prem Nazir as well as Sharada has some kind of poetic beauty in their face, expression, form and merriment.

It is effeminate charm that exudes from them both. One can't say for sure as to who is more



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lovely to behold. Is it Prem Nazir? Or could it be Sharada?

What is being portrayed is wayward romance pasted all over the visual space, with the same luscious sweetness of viscous honey that trickle down from wild-bee-hive-spouts of the dense woodlands.

Even though there is nothing sensual, licentious or erotic, or even words with naughty undertones in the lines, Sharada's playful bounciness is teeming with an erotic bustle brimming with supernatural overtones. As if mind has met mind, and mind alone, bereft of all physical encasements.

Prem Nazir, though obviously enjoying the attention, acts difficult to entice. However, Sharada can break through the fleeting facade of his fake nonchalance and brittle unconcern.

Houseboats of yore, pushed along with bamboo poles, have become, over the years, a rare sight in many lakes and rivers. Yet, the feel of



the **swaying** waters and the feeble waves in the lakes and rivers, certainly does inject an intoxication of an enticing kind in those who love placid lakes and charming waterways.

Music is by G. Devarajan. Maybe he could enter at will into the ethereal world of the **celestial muses**, and come out with exquisite tunes and instrumental music of an unearthly pitch and timbre. He has been able to twine out the rustic words into a soft and sweet stream of extremely pleasing melody.

The way he has done it, these common pastoral words do curve in and out with a gushing flow, as if they have their own entwining physical form and urges, it does seem.

Vayalar has been able to pull out extremely appealing words from Malayalam itself I think, without having to mine out words from his fabled scholarship in Sanskrit.

These words, clothed in splendidous chiming tunes, does add a delicious wrapping upon



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Sharada's slender features and upon her **sharp stunning gestures** - so sweet and appealing are they, that the awesome love and affection she postures in her streaming swinging body movements, could simply resound in the viewer's mind for a long time.

Everything in the song does cast a bewitching spell. Even in the way Sharada joins Prem Nazir in his efforts to move the boat! The joyous ring of artless fondness beyond care can be seen, heard and felt.

Words like കണ്ണൻകുളങ്ങര, കളഭക്കുളങ്ങര, എഴാങ്കടൽക്കര, **യക്ഷിക്കടൽക്കര** and such, do attain stupendous deliciousness in the way they have been tuned.

And what are her admissions? That she has loaded the boat with feverish yearnings, for her gorgeous lover, from the sides of the afore-mentioned icy ponds.



Placing her kalamudu (കളമുണ്ട്) upon her shoulders and charging her dreamy eyes with her **cravings and thirsts**, has she taken aboard her beloved.

On to the shores of the Seven Seas, where the winged **Sirens** await through the ages to lure unwary sailors, has she unloaded tender coconuts and fragrant roses. And then garlanding her beloved with the beaded pearls scooped from the eerie depths of the high seas, has she spread him on her lap. For her to feel and delight in his sweet loveliness.

The way Sharada acts out her affection and her brimming physical urges in brief, and yet stirring movements is both electrifying as well as breathtaking. The way she swings and sways in **tuneful oscillations** can seduce the eager viewer. She is lovely to the core!



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28. Thedivarum kannukaLil

തേടിവരുംകണ്ണുകളിൽ



This is a song of appeal to Swami Appayyan, who stays far high in mountaintops of Sabrimala, in the stretching stripes of the (once) greenish Sahyadris.

There is a slight intriguing fact to be mentioned about this temple and the deity, Ayyappan.

In Native Life in Travancore, written by Rev. Samuel Matter way back in 1883 (see page no. 200), this shrine on the mountain slope was mentioned to be the temple of the Mala Arayans. These people were not Hindus, if the



Brahmin / Vedic religion is to be taken as the Hindu religion.

See this quote from the book:

QUOTE: It has been observed that in cases of sickness sometimes Arayans will make offerings to a Hindu god, and that they attend the great feasts occasionally; but in no case do they believe that they are under any obligation to do so, their own spirits being considered fully equal to the Hindu gods. END OF QUOTE.

Over the years, maybe commencing from around 1930s, almost all the populations which did not come under the definition of Muslim, Christian, Buddhist, Jain &c. came to be defined as Hindus.

Along with this metamorphosis, all their temples and spiritual traditions and Shamanistic practises came to be identified as Hinduism.

Please note that the following is not a word-to-word translation of the song. However, an



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attempt to gather the total sense of the words of the (Malayalam version) song has been made. So that, even though the lines do not reflect the exact meaning of the words, they move quite near to them.

Thedivarum kannukaLil

തേടിവരുംകണ്ണുകളിൽ

Rushing to the aid of seeking eyes!

Concealed in the cascading gleam of holy
lanterns തിരുവിളക്കിൽ കതിരൊളിയിൽ
കൂടിയിരിക്കും സാമി!!

Stirring and enlivening the faded flowers!

Living in shinning campanile shrines!!

Ayyappa Swami!!, Ayyappa Swami!!!

Treading stony hillocks and thorny mounts,

Rousing the villodichan-song-twittering pipit in
my insides,

With streaming tears and empty hands

Have I reached here!

Command forever, my safety



And utter thy blessings, for me!

With awe and adoration,

I bow to you,

Ayyappa Swami!!,

My refuge! Ayyappa Swami!!!

You are Vishnu, Shiva, and also Sree Muruga!

You are also **Parashakthi** and Buddha!

Ayyappa Swami!!!

The ages, the creations and the logics

You are everything!!!

Command forever, my safety

And utter thy blessings, for me!

With awe and adoration,

I bow to you,

Ayyappa Swami!!,

My refuge! Ayyappa Swami!!!

Into my stretching hands

Wouldn't you pour the teeming riches?

To my dwelling



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Wouldn't you come as my little brother എന്റെ
വീട്ടിലൊരു കൊച്ചനുജനായി കൂടെവരില്ലേ?

With feverish passions

We reach your hallowed premises,

Forever be our keeper!

Ayyappa Swami!!,

Our eternal refuge, Ayyappa Swami!!!

Cinema: Swami Ayyappan (1975)



29. Ezhara pponnana ppurathezhunnallum
ഏഴരപ്പൊന്നാനപ്പുറത്തെഴുന്നള്ളും



വരികൾ: വയലാർ രാമവർമ്മ
ഈണം: ജി ദേവരാജൻ
പാടിയത്: മാധുരി

This song is from the cinema Akkarappacha അക്കരപ്പച്ച. Akkarappacha means "The grass on the other side is greener!". Since I have not seen the film, I need to write by solely listening to the words in the song.

For some reason or other, this is a song which I have found quite attractive. Words seem to acquire a very rounded and curvaceous rolling



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feature in this song. Or rather words with some kind of fabulous oily rounded wholesome smoothness are there in this song.

It is not easy to forward the delicious roll of these words into English. In fact, the universal fact might be that all feudal languages do have an eerie tone of sweetness that shall defy all attempts to render them straight into planar languages like English.

Sir W. Ouseley, in his ancient work “Oriental Collections,” (1797) has indeed mentioned that: 'Many of the Hindu melodies possess the **plaintive simplicity of the Scotch and Irish**, and others a wild originality pleasing beyond description.” (sic)

It might be noted that the Celtic languages of Great Britain might also be feudal languages. The Celtic languages of Great Britain include Gaelic (Scotland), Irish (Ireland) and Welsh (Wales).



As to Sir W. Ouseley mentioning the melodies of South Asia as 'Hindu melodies', it is certainly an error that seems to have sprung up from another erroneous belief of the Continental Europeans and also of the English writers and administrators of the English colonial period. That everyone in this subcontinent, who is not a Muslim, Christian, Buddhist or Jain, must necessarily be a Hindu.

The fabled Ettumanoor Mahadevar temple was quite a famous temple in the Travancore region of South-Asia. Ettumaanoorappan is seen mentioned as Lord Siva. And this song does allude to the Siva-Parvathi fables from the **puranic** antiquity of the subcontinent.

However, there does seem to be some kind of a mix-up between the Shamanistic spiritual worship systems of South Asia, and the Hindu (Brahmanical) worship systems, in the words mentioned in the song. However, I am not much sure about this, though.



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The temple festival, Aaratt ആരാട്ട്, is conducted on the Thiruvaathira-nakshatra-day (തിരുവാതിരനാൾ) in the Kumbam (February - March) month every year. On the 8th and 10th day of the 10 day festival, the elephant idols in thick gold covering (പൊന്നാമ്പ) are brought out and kept for darshan (beholding by the worshipers).

Oh Ettumaanoorappa, to you who enters regally on a parade of seven and half golden elephants (ഏഴരപൊന്നാമ്പുറത്ത്), my devotion, worship and my total submission (തൊഴുന്നേൻ, തൊഴുന്നേൻ, തൊഴുന്നേൻ), do I place upon thy sacred serpent-coiled (തിരുനാഗത്തളയിട്ട) holy feet!

The line does slightly allude to the Naga worship / serpent worship antiquity of the location. In Travancore, many a Nayar household did have a tradition of serpent worship right from the hoary days of yore.



Even though it is generally mentioned in a spiritual mood that these divine serpents are different from the terrestrial serpents, it is a fact that a Cobra family or even more than one family used to reside inside Nayar households in a most royal fashion. They were quite tame, and would not attack anyone, unless trodden upon. In fact, they were treated as deified beings, and treated with **topmost decency** and respect, their every care attended to.

Whether the Brahmins (the real Hindus) also have this tradition of serpent worship is not very clearly known to me. There had been, of course, a lot of mixing up of spiritual traditions between the Hindus (Brahmins) and the various Shamanistic worship systems, over the centuries.

The song is a prayer to Ettumaanoorappan, whose regal entrance and parade is on the seven and half elephant idols spiritual tableau.



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When I come in the early daybreak hours, for beholding the propitious sight (**കണികാണാൻ**) of thy idol dazzling in heady sandalwood - flower carpel - camphor creamy adornment (**കളഭമുഴുക്കാപ്പ്**), would you not offer me, in the chalice (**കുമ്പിളിൽ**) of my worshipful hands (**തൊഴുകുക**), the holy waters (**തീർത്ഥജലം**) of the celestial river (**തിരുമുടിപ്പുഴയിലെ**) that flows from the tresses of thy divine hair-tuft?

This is followed by the Panchaakshara mantra homage to Lord Shiva. **Nama Shivaaya!** നമഃ ശിവായ! It is a five-letter code mantra. Na Ma Shi Vaa and Ya.

What powerful software codes of reality are encrypted into the insides of these letters or sounds is not known. However, interested readers can check this book□: Software codes of mantra, tantra, witchcraft, black magic, evil eye, evil tongue &c.



In the Thiruvaathira-day night-hours (ആതിരാവിൽ), when the divine radiant damsel of the towering Himalayan heights (ഹിമഗിരികന്യക), your betrothed lass Parvathi, drapes your angelic figure (തിരുമാറിൽ) with your much loved Koovala flower garlands (കൂവളമലർമാല്യം), would you not offer me the delicious glitter of thy cosmic crescent, to wear as thy twinkling emblem on my forehead?

Koovala tree is considered to be a divine tree in Shiva mythologies. This tree is a much-loved tree of the Shiva-Parvathi divine duo. It is seen said that this tree is given a place of prominence in Shiva Temples. The thorns of the tree represent, it is said, the Shakthi-figure, the branches the Vedas and the roots the Rudra-form of Lord Shiva.

The lyrics are by Vayalar RamaVarma. As always, his command over words and usages



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are of the mythical kind. His legendary scholarship in Sanskrit needs no mention.

The feel of the boundless infinite, the feel of the unfathomable depth in Shamanistic rituals and also the feel of the inscrutable invincibility of ancient gods, can be felt in the slow paced rolling of the words.

As to the tune and tone of the song, it is also seen set deliberately in a very slow-paced tempo, so as to stay in step with the **esoteric** tenor of the song and words.

The sharp rising and falling din of the distinct drum-beat that accompanies the rolling words also, if heard precisely, does induce a spellbinding affect in one's mind and sensation. It is another legend who has crafted the tune. Devarajan!



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